

THE COMET.

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Bill Arp's Story of Zeb Vance.

I like Zeb Vance and Sunset Cox and Blount and Phil Cook and Tom Hardeman and their sort, for they were amiable and unselfish. I heard Zeb Vance telling how he captured the votes of a backwoods settlement in North Carolina, when he first ran for Congress. He said that he had never been in that settlement and didn't know the boys. He didn't know their politics nor their habits nor their religion. But he sent them word he would be there to see them on a certain day, and so he rode over the mountain and got there and found about sixty of the sovereigns at a cross-road grocery, and he got down and hitched his horse and began to make their acquaintance and crack his jokes around, and thought he was getting along pretty well with them, but he noticed an old man with shaggy eyebrows and big brass spectacles sitting on a chunk and marking in the sand with a stick. The old man didn't seem to pay any attention to Vance, and after while Vance concluded that the old man was the bell-wether of the flock and that it was necessary to capture him, so he sidled up close to him and the old man got up and shook himself and leaned forward on his stick and said solemnly, "This is Mr. Vance, I believe." "Yes, sir," said Vance. "And you have come over here to see my boys about their votes, I believe." "Yes, sir," said Vance, "I have." "Well, sir," said the old man, "before you proceed with that business I would like to ask you a few questions."

"Certainly, sir, certainly," said Vance. "What church mount you belong to?" said the old man. "That was a soxologer—Vance didn't belong to any church. He knew that religion and meeting was a big thing in the backwoods, and controlled their politics, but he didn't know what their religion was. North Carolina was powerfully spotted and had a nest of Episcopalians in one place and Presbyterians in another and Baptists here and Methodists over yonder, and they never mixed, but were all one way in a settlement, so he was in a dilemma.

But he squared himself for the responsibility, and says he: "Well, now, friend, I will tell you about that, for it's a fair question. Of course it is. Well, you see my grandfather came from Scotland, and you know that over in Scotland everybody is Presbyterian." Here he paused to note the effect, but saw no sign of sympathy with his grandpa. "But my grandmother came from England, and over there everybody belongs to the Episcopal church." He pauses again and the old man, marked another mark in the sand and spit his tobacco away off.

"But my father was born in this country, in a Methodist settlement, and so he grew up a Methodist." Still no sign of approval from the old man, and so Vance took his last shot and said: "My good old mother was a Baptist, and it's my opinion that a man has got to go under water to get to heaven."

The old man walked up, and taking him by the hand, said, "Well, you are all right, Mr. Vance," and then, turning to the crowd, said: "Boys, he'll do and you may vote for him; I thought he looked like a Baptist." And the old man slowly drew a flask from his coat-tail and handed it to Vance to seal his faith.

Wilkin's Proverbs.

Many are comfortable only when others are not.

The political dance is not always a square dance.

The argument of ignorance is often based on the force of bigotry.

Clothes don't always make the man—unless he sells them at a good profit.

The world is a great barber shop and every man waits his turn to be shaved.

No tombstones mark the graves in the cemetery where lost hopes are interred.

The bee that is loudly proclaiming that the world owes it a living, goes honeyless to bed.

Every man desires his own deeds emblazoned in long primer—his neighbors in diamond type.

"Schooners" of beer sail the sea of trouble, and many a mariner is wrecked when "half seas over."

Men and horses differ. The latter are worthless unless they are broke, and the former are worthless if they are ditto.

More money can be made in one day's strict attention to one's own business than by ten days minding the affairs of one's neighbor.—*Whitehall Times.*

Before placing John A., Jr., at West Point General Logan said to him, solemnly: "My son don't never swear."

—*Lowell Citizen.*

John Kelly, the politician, pays taxes on \$165,000 worth of property in New York city.

Johnson County Convention.

In obedience to a call made by the Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of Johnson county, a convention was held in the Court House in Taylorsville, on Saturday Aug. 23, 1884.

Where the following proceedings were had, viz:

The convention was called to order by J. A. Southerland, Esq., who in a brief and pointed manner stated the object of the convention.

On motion Dr. R. C. Rhea was unanimously chosen as permanent chairman and G. H. Wagner, secretary of the convention.

The Chairman then appointed J. A. Southerland, N. R. Wills, Rob't Shown, P. M. Kiser and D. N. Cole a committee to present a list of delegates to represent us in the Congressional Convention to be held at Greenville on the 28th inst.

After consultation the committee presented the following names as delegates:

1st district, N. R. Wills, D. N. Cole; 2d dist. H. T. Grant, Hiram Baker and R. S. McDade; 3d dist. Rob't Stewart, J. H. Mast; 4th dist. B. R. Brown, J. L. Vause, John F. Ward and Butler McBride; 5th dist. D. Farthing, W. L. Smith and Nat. Atwood; 6th dist. J. McCloud; 7th dist. R. A. Shown, W. Hicks and S. E. Shown; 8th dist. Dery Blevins, James Scott and G. C. Blevins; 9th dist. D. C. Davis, Barzilia Eggers; 10th dist. T. J. Dougherty, Jno. Baker and Thos. Baker; which was concurred in unanimously by the convention; and on motion the Chairman and Secretary were added to the delegation.

On motion R. S. McDade, S. J. Brown, N. R. Wills, H. T. Grant and J. A. Southerland were appointed a committee to select a suitable person as chairman of the Executive Committee in each civil district. The following list of names was presented by said committee:

1st dist. D. N. Cole, 2d dist. J. H. Wagner, 3d Robert Stewart, 4th John L. Vause, 5th D. Farthing, 6th Joseph McCloud, 7th S. E. Shown, 8th Godfrey Blevins, 9th D. C. Davis, 10th Daniel Baker.

Which was received and approved by the convention.

On motion, the delegates to the Greenville Convention were instructed to cast the vote of this county on first ballot for Maj. H. M. Folson, of Carter, as our first choice for Congress.

The following resolution was presented and unanimously adopted by the convention.

Resolved, that we the Democrats of Johnson county do most heartily endorse and ratify the Democratic National Ticket and pledge ourselves to use all honorable means to secure the complete triumph of our party in November next.

It was ordered that a copy of these proceedings be sent to the Bristol Courier, the Reporter and the Times Courier, with a request to publish.

On motion the convention then adjourned. R. C. Rhea, Chairman; J. H. Wagner, Secretary.

Honesty in Office Wanted.

George H. Earl, when asked yesterday what would be the effect on the Independent Republicans of Philadelphia of the withdrawal of the New York Independent from the support of Governor Cleveland, said that it would have very little effect. The article in the Independent, he said, would have been more frank if its author had said whom he now intended to support. To censure Cleveland utterly for an old breach of a commandment, that does not necessarily make him a corrupt statesman, and to say nothing of the Mulligan letters and of an unexplained fortune of half a million acquired while in congress, looks like an attempt to be virtuously indignant for the benefit of Blaine. Had the editor said he support St. John on character and not Blaine, it would at least have had an honest ring about it. It is the vice of making money in public office that is eating out the heart of all that is good in America.

Mary Anderson's Agent.

"Are you the manager of the cable?"

"I am, sir."

"Well, I am Dr. Hamilton Griffin's stepfather and business manager of Miss Mary Anderson, the promising young Kentucky actress."

"Sit down sir; what can we do for you to-day?"

"I would like to have you send a small item to the American papers."

"Certainly, with pleasure, is Miss Mary about to join a nunnery, or is she engaged to wed a British duke?"

"Neither, those tickets, I regret to say, are played out. I think you'd better announce that she has eloped with Melrose Abbey, brother of Westminster and Henry E. Abbey. And here, by the way, are a couple of native tickets for you."

"No, sir."

"Look out! How do you know you ain't?"

"Cause, do I look like the boy who'd walk you out of a shilling when I could beat you with the dollar? Stranger you must have got hold of some poor little kid who's just begun business."—*Edw. P. Press.*

She understood all About Base Ball.

"I want to go to the base ball game," said a Cleveland young lady to her father.

"You!" he exclaimed in amazement. "You wouldn't know a base hit from a passed ball, or a three-bagger from an assist."

"But, George, dear, I could learn. You know how soon I picked up that new embroidery stitch, and how quick I am at everything."

Well, there is no use in following her argument. Every man has been through it, first or last, and knows it always comes out. She went to the game. George had been used to sitting in one of the side stands, where he had a favorite seat and the privilege of smoking and guying the umpire to his heart's content. On this occasion he sat primely up behind a beasty wire screen, as he mentally called it, prepared to suffer. The Cleveland was at the bat.

"Which Cleveland are those in gray?" asked Maud. Why don't they all dress alike?"

"Those are the Cleverlands; the others are the Bostons."

"What are those Bostons doing?" Did they come all this distance to see the game?"

"No; they are going to play in the game."

"I thought they were to see the Cleverlands play."

"They both play."

"Oh, we are going to see two games. How nice."

In the mean time the man at the bat, after two strikes and five balls, popped a high fly in centre field, and started to first like a bird. The ball was caught, and he set out slowly for home.

"What made that man run?" She asked.

"He wanted to get to first."

"What's that?"

"That bag yonder."

"Why didn't he go. Was he afraid that man standing on the bag wouldn't like it?"

"That must have been it," George said, in despair.

In a few moments Cleveland went out and started for the field, while Boston reversed the movement.

"What's that for?"

"The Cleverlands are out. The Bostons go to the bat."

"Oh!"

Just then a Boston slugger struck a liner for two bases and started on his tour.

"By jove, that was a daisy," George said.

Maud understood this. "Yes," said she, "I think so, too. I've been watching him, and he's real handsome. But George," she said, as the bean eater stole third, "he don't care a blither whether the Cleverlands like it or not. He's going right on, and I think it's real mean, as he is a visitor."

The next Boston hitter struck too short and was caught at first, brought in the runner.

"That is a run," said George.

"And that is a run, too, that man walking in!"

"No, that's an out."

"How much does an 'out count'?"

"One."

"And how much does a 'run count'?"

"One, too."

"Then an out counts one and a run two. They have made four, haven't they?"

George collapsed. When the game was over Maud said she thought she was beginning to understand it "real well," and was going every day. Her swain is a reformed man, and hasn't been able to "get away" since to go to a game.—*Hartford Times.*

Plantation Philosophy.

Er good fudge o' ler hoos' is 'hearly allins er good fudge o' er man.

De worl' don owe no nee man er libin'.

Er man owes in ter hisse'!

Er 'oman is honeste den er man, but she ain't so truthful. Dis ain't sayin' much fur de 'oman's honesty ur de man's truth.

When we gains our own consent ter grow ole, we hab on er mighty battle. It is den dat we is better fitted fur dis worl' an' de worl' ter come.

Take selflessness frum de human family an' dar woul' be only ignorance left. De good man, in sarvin' hisse'f, sarves de public, but nebertheless, he is selfish.

According to a contemporary one of the leading German professors of the piano in St. Louis adopts the mode of teaching that is unique as far as the avoidance of circumlocution is concerned. The following dialogue illustrates his system: Teacher—"You wants to learn to play de biano?" Pupil—"Yes." Teacher—"Dot's right. Sit down py me, right glose py me. Now zee—dis vas A unt dis vas B unt dis vas C unt dis vas D unt dis vas E unt dis vas F unt dis vas G." Pupil—"Yes." Teacher—"Now ve blays de 'Noonlight Sonata."

Very Bad Payment for a Bad Debt.

"I can remember," said Henry Ward Beecher, "when I received an old cow in payment of a bad debt. It was a very bad debt, and I came to consider it a bad payment. She was a thin, but the former owner said she was better than she looked, being a cross between a Jersey and the Durham. She looked as if she might have been a cross between an old hair trunk and an abandoned hoopskirt. I kept the brute three days, and no one, except perhaps Lieutenant Atwell, could ever appreciate the suffering I endured in that time. The first night she broke through the fence and redoubled to a pulp all the underclothing belonging to my next door neighbor. She put her horns through my bath tub, and ate up all my geraniums. She was to give three gallons of milk a day, but she seemed short just then, and never had that to spare while we kept her. The second day she walked into the kitchen, upset a pan of butter and a tub of lard. Then she fell down a well, and when I got her out at a cost of \$5, she took the colic, whooping cough, or something and kept us awake all night. Not a green thing was left in my garden; my neighbor's peach trees and the rope on which his underwear grew were as bare of fruit as a singletree, and he did not have a twig of shrubbery left. My neighbor came over to see me, and said:

"Now, I don't desire any quarrel, but I want you to keep your cow out of my shrubbery."

"And I want you, my friend," said I, "to keep your shrubbery out of my cow."

—*W. G. MALLONEE, P. C.*

County papers please copy.

Bill Nye and Phenology.

An erroneous phenologist once told me that I would shine as a revivalist, and said that I ought to marry a tall blonde, with a nervous, sanguinary temperament. Then he said: "One dollar please," and I said: "All right, gentle scientist with a tawny mane, I will give you the dollar and marry the tall blonde with a bank account and blubious temperament when you give me a chart showing me how to dispose of a brown-eyed brunette with a thoughtful cast of countenance, who married me in an unguarded moment two years ago."

He looked at me in a reproachful kind of way, struck at me with a chair in an absent-minded manner and stole away.

—*Honest.*

Honest old farmer who never cheated a man. "Yes, this is our family hoos an' I wouldn't sell him if times went so hard."

"He's sound, I suppose?"

"Sound as a dollar."

Man buys the animal. When the farmer returns home, his wife asks:

"Did you sell old Bob?"

"Yes, an' got a good trade. Didn't enough but once durin' the sale an' then yelled, 'What air you snortin' about here, tryin' to git skeered.' I am glad he's out of the way for he mout've spread the glanders among the work teams."

—*Buffalo Democrat.*

BUFFALO, N. Y., August 24, 1884.—A large meeting, chiefly composed of Irish Americans, was held in St. Stephen's Hall, in this city, last night.

It was addressed by Colonel William R. Roberts, of New York. He spoke nearly two hours in favor of Governor Cleveland and in denunciation of Blaine and Butler. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed and the speaker was frequently interrupted by the cheers of the audience for Cleveland.

The meeting is clear evidence that Cleveland is immensely popular with the Irish Democrats of Buffalo.

—*Consider's help it.*

"My friend, you are drinking more than is good for you. In fact, you are throwing yourself away."

"I understand, but I can't help it. I am a candidate on the prohibition ticket."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

The book agent went on to say that you could find anything in his encyclopaedia at a moment's notice.

I told him that if any one could find anything in the book, that I wanted it.

"Oh, yes, you can find anything and everything," and he smiled assuringly.

I opened one of the books, and turned to the letter "P" and then to Part.

"Here my friend, you know more about this book than I do; just turn to Patterson—William Patterson. I want to know who struck him."

A troubled look passed over the agent's face. He said he was sorry, but that wasn't in the book.—*Sunny South.*

Client—"I've got a job for you. Smith has sued me for my board."

Lawyer—"And you refuse to pay it. Why so?"

Client—"Because he had nothing fit for a hog to eat."

Lawyer—"Aha! you want me to help you beat him out of his board bill against you on the ground that his 'grub' is not fit for a hog to eat, do you?"

"No, sir."

"Look out! How do you know you ain't?"

"Cause, do I look like the boy who'd beat you out of a shilling when I could walk off with the dollar? Stranger you must have got hold of some poor little kid who's just begun business."—*Edw. P. Press.*

Church Dedication.

The Southern Methodist church at Elk Park, N. C., will be dedicated, Sunday, the 14th of Sept. The dedicatory sermon will be preached by Rev. D. S. Sullins, of Emory. Rev. L. L. H. Garlock will be present, and perform the dedicatory service. I have an arrangement with the E. T. & W. N. O. R. R. Co. to run a special train, leaving Johnson City Sunday morning after the arrival of the western board passenger train on the E. T. V. & G. R. B., and return in the evening before the eastern board train is due. Full rates will be charged on the E. T. & W. N. O. R. R. B., and half of the proceeds to be given to the church. Let everybody come and help in this good work. F. H. Austin, proprietor of the Banner House, at Elk Park, will furnish dinner to all that wish it on that day, for 75 cents each, the proceeds after deducting the expenses, to be given to the church. Mr. Austin would like for all who wish dinner to write him before hand, so he can be prepared.

W. G. MALLONEE, P. C.

County papers please copy.

—*Lin Ah Ah Un Ah Ah Ah Ah Ah Ah.*

Great staying powers—those of the girl of the period.—*Life.*

As the evenings begin to lengthen the gas bills begin to lengthen.—*Exchange.*

Gen. Butler's favorite poet is Moore. The Gen. never did know when he had enough.—*Ex.*

Tramps never read newspapers. The advertisements in the column of "Help Wanted" are too saddening.—*Exchange.*

Written rules on kissing are of no avail. It is science that must be transmitted from mouth to mouth.—*Exchange.*

Bricks made of cork constitute one of the new German industries. They would work up well in building light houses.—*Ex.*

Doan's think dat because er 'oman likes gay colors she's weak. Nature puts dat brightest tech on de finest flowers.—*Ex.*

Down in New Jersey they never say "it's going to rain to-day," but, "hello! somebody's going on a picnic."—*Exchange.*

A woman of Greenwood, Maine, is reported to be cutting her fourth set of teeth. Why, what's the matter? Don't they fit?—*Ex.*

Temperance principles seem to be spreading. Even the hotels at the watering places are not more than half full.—*Oil City Derrick.*

The annual production of beer in this country gives 400 mugs to every inhabitant. Have you disposed of your share?—*Hartford Post.*

This Vienna police have arrested a Mormon missionary named Hammer. It would seem that he did not strike the Austrians favorably.—*Ex.*

"Annex Canada!" cried the bank cashier. "Heavens, no; I hope not. It would just take away all chances of success in my profession."—*Ex.*

Sportive widower.—"How much better y' are than a wife, old clocky! The smaller the hour a (hic) feller goes 'ome the less noise you make about it."—*Life.*

Animals are not allowed in sleeping cars; but why do the companies draw the line at this point? If they included insects, it would please patrons better.—*Ex.*

"They used to tell me that the ladies dressed to death in the city," remarked Homespun, at the evening party in the metropolis; "but dang me if they've got much on to-night, any of 'em." Homespun, probably, was unaware that beauty undressed is adorned the most.—*Ex.*

"May I have the pleasure of seeing you home?" he bashfully asked. "Certainly," she graciously replied. "There is a high hill just in front of the house, or, if you prefer it, you can climb a big tree in the cow lot. Go anywhere where you can get a good view."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Blankets and his wife had been indulging in a family discordance, and finally Mrs. B. exclaimed, "Well, I've got my opinion of any man who talks as you do."

"Oh, have you? Well, you can keep it if you want to."

"No, I can't either. It's so awfully bad that it won't keep."—*Ex.*

Parson—"I've been recommended to ply hyar to 'tain a supply of wine fur church purposes, an' am tole dat you hab a good article on han'."

Dealer—"Well, yes; we have a superior line of goods. What kind would you like?" Parson—"Well, dat's de question. For myse'f, I've not very 'ticular, but as some ob de ladies have 'spressed a preference fo' gin, I tink I'll take 'bout fo' gallons ob dees' you hab."—*Washington Hatchet.*

A gentleman rode up to a small boy sitting on the fence in front of his home and inquired if he lived in there.

"I try to," he replied.

"Well, my boy, I want to know what time it is; can you tell me?"

"Yes, I kin; I wuz in the house jis five minutes ago and de old clock was a pintin' at 'leven."

"What kind of time do you keep?"

"Oh, we keeps all kinds."

"But I mean do you have solar or standard time?"

"That's what I said. We have all kinds."

"I don't understand you."

"Don't yer? Well, come to our house and live awhile and yer'll learn. My sister Sal she has standard time, that's de clock; the hired girl has sun time, that's watching the shadows, and pap and mam has a h—l of a time, that's what they're doing in there now, and I'm settin' on the fence till they git her reggerated. You hadn't better wait 'roun' here if you don't want to hear eathin' strike, and strike mighty durn hard."

The man rode away rapidly and the boy kicked another plank off the fence. —*Merchant Traveler.*

COMET SPARKS.

He who holds a bear by the tail cannot afford to let loose.

It is said that Grant will soon be on the stump. Lord Grant it!

It would be comfortable these days to take off our flesh and go in our bones.

Every fifth man in the world is a chinaman and every sixth man a drummer.

"Sam, look here I's tells you how I's gwine to make heap money. I's gwine to collect every cent I owe's."

"If you had to fall some way how would you prefer to fall, Jim?" "I would prefer to fall an heir to a vast estate."

Said a guest at the hotel, "I never put my teeth on such a piece of beef in my life. It tastes like a limb of Lot's wife."

Rev. Joseph Cook calls himself a pandemoniumalist. Keep on climbing Mr. Cook, and you will soon be a honorificabilitudinitatist.

Mr. Beecher says cremation is a Pagan custom unfit for Christians. Beecher never has believed in hell, and of course is opposed to beginning the devil's supposed work on earth.

How nicely Ben Butler's name fits in the following famous epigram: The best speculation the market holds forth To an enlightened lover of yelt, Is to buy Ben up at the price he is worth, And sell him at that he puts on himself.

Ben Butler has written a letter showing that the expression "not worth a tinker's dam" is not profane. If there is any branch of literature with which Ben is thoroughly familiar it is the profane.

A sixteen year old negro boy talking at the door to and old negro woman who had been married three times, said: "Now Aunt Jane give me one buss 'fore I goes for I loves you with all my heart an a piece of my liver."

A French physician has discovered a disease called "atremia." The most pronounced symptom of this disease is an aversion to getting out of bed in the morning. Yes, we are well acquainted with this disease. We have suffered with atremia for a long time.

The old saw "Never kick a man when he is down" is a good one, because to kick a man when he is down is cowardly. Now we give another: "Never kick a man when he is up," because it is reckless.—*Evansville Argus.*

Still safer, "Never kick a man at all," if there is a boy to be found.

Since I was born said an old countryman, I never heard of as many candidates for President. There's Cleveland and Blaine and St. John and Butler and I hear some talk of that old fellow Gree